

# CHRISTIAN SONGS.

To which is prefixed,

The EVIDENCE and IMPORT

O F

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION,

V E R S I F I E D,

For the Help of the Memory.

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*From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard  
songs; glory to the righteous. ISAIAH XXIV. 16.*

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The FOURTH EDITION.

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The Evidence and Import of CHRIST'S RESURRECTION, verified, for the Help of the Memory.

INTRODUCTION.

**I**T is no thing incredible  
I'm called to believe,  
That God should raise the dead, whose pow'r  
Hath made us be and live.

'Tis not so hard for me to know  
How God should us restore  
From death, as, *else*, to see how sin  
And death came in before.

'Tis easier to credit this,  
Than hope, if sin remain  
Unpurged; or for pardon look,  
If death for ever reign.

When I survey the evidence  
That serves the fact to shew,  
That Jesus was rais'd from the dead,  
I see it fair and true.

PART I. SECT. I.

**T**HE witnesses were not deceiv'd,  
By fancy or by fraud;

4 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

They mov'd and held by ev'ry doubt,  
Till glaring truth forbade.

For forty days, from time to time,  
He unto them appear'd,  
Who knew him best before his death:  
They felt, they saw, and heard.

With jealous eyes and ears they all  
In company him try'd;  
Oft with him ate and drank, and thus  
Were fully satisfy'd.

When by the scriptures he their minds  
Of this mistake reliev'd,  
That Christ should be an earthly prince,  
They saw, and they believ'd.

Suppose his friends, who mourn'd his death,  
Too fond, too easy all,  
No thought like this can touch the case  
Of persecuting *Saul*:

Whose honour, conscience, ev'ry thing  
That's dearest to mankind,  
Fix'd him in mortal spite 'gainst all  
Who to the faith inclin'd.



## S E C T. II.

NOR did they cunningly devise  
A fable to deceive  
Mankind, so credulous, what sooths  
Their passions to believe.

This task had been as hard for them,  
As from the guards to steal  
The body, or for sleeping guards  
To see what then befel.

They were not fit for such a task,  
Too many, and too rude,  
To manage such a plot before  
The prying multitude

Of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, both combin'd,  
As their own int'rest led,  
To manifest, if possible,  
That Jesus still was dead,

Nor can I think what gain or prize  
They in the world propos'd ;  
For in their schemes impostors have  
Their int'rests fast inclos'd.

In face of shame, of pain, of death,  
They boldly testify'd ;

All hope, but of eternal life  
They chearfully deny'd.

No pride of knowledge could be fed  
By telling such a tale ;  
Religious honour there confin'd  
Was to the *Jewish* zeal.

Why then did *Paul*, the zealous scribe,  
Forake the strictest sect,  
And leave the learn'd, to follow men  
Held base in each respect ?

S E C T. III.

**H**OW did the fishers speak with tongues  
Of all the nations ?  
How came they by such liberty  
And boldness all at once ?

Why did the pow'r appear that rais'd  
Jesus, as he foresaid ?  
As they believ'd his word, so was  
The promis'd pow'r display'd,

In mighty signs and wonders done  
Before the eyes of all ;  
And that same pow'r they witness'd of,  
Was ready at their call.



Why did the pow'r of God, in signs,  
 Call on the world to hear  
 These men bear witness of that fact,  
 If false it could appear?

Did God to rogues or madmen lend  
 His wonder-working pow'r?  
 Was ever cheat, or raving tale,  
 So own'd of God before?

S E C T. IV.

**H**OW came the fishers' testimony  
 T' explain the prophecies,  
 Far better than the doctrine taught  
 By scribes and *Pharisees*?

No other thing they testify'd  
 But what had been foretold  
 In *Isr'el's* law, its mysteries  
 Their witness did unfold.

The Rabbies' sense of their own law  
 Unworthy was of God;  
 The *Galileans* clear'd the book,  
 And all divine it show'd.

The scope of all the prophets forth  
 In their report they bring,



Concerning Jesus' sufferings,  
And glory following.

Their story of his life and death  
Draws that MESSIAH true ;  
And so divine a character  
Man's wisdom never drew.

S E C T. V.

**H**OW could the divine glory shine,  
And ev'ry property  
Of Godhead shew itself so bright  
In a contrived lie !

Forgiving mercy, grace, and love,  
In Jesus fully shine ;  
No less God's judgment 'gainst all sin,  
And sov'reignty divine.

His truth, his wisdom, are display'd  
With his almighty pow'r  
No fact e'er was, or word, that shew'd  
So much of God before.

This fact demands, with awful pow'r,  
My faith, yea faith divine,  
As it declares to me, O God !  
The glory that is thine.

As I believe I see thee near ;  
The fight quells all my pride,  
No worldly lust can shelter here :  
Nor in thy fight abide.

Thus the apostles witnessed  
The very Word of God ;  
Their testimony bare his name  
Thro' all the world abroad.

## S E C T. VI.

**T**Heir testimony was wrote down  
For future ages then,  
Tradition's frauds all to prevent  
By their well-guided pen,

In the New Test'ment ; where I find  
The monstrous things foretold,  
That worldly men have built on it,  
And how they would it mold,

To serve their int'rests in this life,  
Their honour, wealth, and ease ;  
A worldly kingdom from the cross  
Of Jesus Christ to raise !

The apostles writings, in the hands  
Of such ungodly men,

For many ages hidden lay,  
And kept from vulgar ken.

Yet is was never in their power  
That scripture to destroy :  
But still it stands ; and nothing can  
Their kingdom more annoy.

God's marv'llous providence o'er it  
Preserv'd it thus entire,  
And in the sev'ral languages  
Made it again appear ;

To testify 'gainst all the ways  
The clergy ever took  
To blind the world, and raise themselves ;  
Their doom stands in their book.

Ev'n as th' Old Testament (from whence  
New-Test'ment scripture shews  
The truth of what it testifies)  
Is sacred held by *Jews* ;

These spiteful enemies of Christ,  
Who stupidly maintain  
The credit of the book that shews  
Christ dy'd, and rose again ;

That race so long without a place,  
And nation yet not past,  
A standing sign and witness is,  
That Christ's words ay shall laste :

So in the *Roman* kingdom broke  
The clergy's strange empire  
(Which to consume, God's providence,  
And word, do now conspire)

Most evidently hath fulfill'd  
The scriptures, Old and New,  
That speak so much of Antichrist ;  
And shews the whole is true.

They from the clergy's ways who take  
Occasion to blaspheme  
The way of truth, and scoffers are,  
Under the Christian name ;

These walking after their own lusts,  
God's works and patience still  
Construe against his word ; but thus  
The scripture they fulfil.



## P A R T II.

**T**Hus ev'ry thing conspires to shew,  
 That Jesus is alive :  
 From this his whole religion doth  
 A certainty derive.

## S E C T. I.

**H**IS resurrection him declares  
 The just and holy One,  
 Who dy'd a sacrifice for sin  
 Since he himself knew none.

And from the guilt of all the sins  
 Charg'd on him when he dy'd,  
 He was discharg'd, by law fulfill'd,  
 And justice satisfy'd.

The divine law made life his right,  
 Who should perform these things ;  
 And Jesus did them : so his work  
 From death again him brings,

To live as th' end of *Moses'* law,  
 For righteousness to all  
 Who shall on him believe, to save  
 All on his name who call.



God's wrath, as darkness, fill'd his soul,  
While he a curse was made  
For us ; but now the Father's face  
Makes him exceeding glad.

This just deliverance from death,  
And divine favour due  
To Christ's complete obedience,  
Is theirs who hold it true.

## S E C T. II.

**A**S Jesus lives, the *Jews* blasphem'd,  
His Godhead who deny'd :  
His resurrection clear'd this point  
In question when he dy'd ;

And manifested him to be  
That Shepherd great foretold,  
And call'd THE LORD GOD in the word,  
That him foresaw'd of old.

That living One, who for his sheep  
A mortal man became,  
Had power to give his life for them,  
And take again the same.

All divine worth shines bright in him,  
Who merited to rise

From death, the wages of our sins,  
And reign above the skies.

The Father's majesty appear'd,  
And all his glory shin'd,  
When he commanded him to live,  
And him his heir design'd.

The holy Spirit's divine power  
Did then work mightily,  
To raise the first born of the dead,  
And him to glorify.

This *worth* intitles men to life ;  
By this *command* they live ;  
And this same *power* enlivens all  
Who thro' it do believe.

Thus *three* in one JEHOVAH made  
The world ; one did perfect  
Each work, as th' other said, and one  
Confirm'd all with delight.

These three made man, who now restore  
Him lost, and manifest  
Their Godhead one : we in their name  
Are both baptiz'd and blest.

Thus, in the first-born of the dead,  
We find the only God,  
In persons three to be ador'd,  
By faith in Jesus' blood,

## S E C T. III.

**J**ESUS both dy'd and rose to rule  
The living and the dead :  
The dead shall rise ; he'll judge the world ;  
He's over all the head,

The judgment unto him pertains,  
The law who magnify'd  
By his divine obedience,  
And for its honour dy'd.

His resurrection did declare  
Him King of *Israel*,  
That son of *David*, *David's* lord,  
As prophets did foretel.

His condemnation on this head  
Revers'd was when he rose,  
To sit on the right hand of God;  
And reign amidst his foes ,

Till they at last shall all be made  
His footstool, and his own,

With him, o'er all God's works restor'd,  
Shall ay possess the throne,

His kingdom is not of this world,  
Who rose to reign in heav'n ;  
His people suffer first with him,  
Then heav'nly life is giv'n.

## S E C T. IV.

**T**Hrough Christ's arising we repent  
The sins for which he dy'd,  
As pardon, just through's blood we crave  
From mercy glorify'd.

His agony, when guilt transferr'd  
Upon him, press'd him sore,  
Turns into grief that curst joy  
We had in sins before.

His cross undid the strength of sin,  
When he a curse was made :  
From trespases we live to God,  
Through's rising from the dead ;

Who is exalted as a Prince,  
And Saviour, to give  
Repentance and forgiveness free  
To those he makes believe.

## S E C T. V.

**F**rom him we learn obedience  
With patient suffering,  
Whose humble cries and tears from death  
Salvation did bring.

When, though he were the Son, the things  
He suffer'd made him know  
That self-deny'd obedience,  
From which our life doth flow.

His love constraineth us to live  
Unto ourselves no more,  
But t' him who dy'd for us, and rose  
From death us to restore.

His law of love well fits the men  
Their common life who owe  
To his most loving life and death,  
Whereby God's love they know.

As he hath kept his Father's laws,  
And in his love doth stay ;  
So his own love he'll manifest  
To such as him obey.



## S E C T. VI.

**I**F we by faith be rais'd with him  
Thence faileth our desire  
To things on earth ; with lively hope  
To heaven we aspire.

We have no standing city here,  
But seek for one to come :  
A worldly rest we do renounce,  
And heaven is our home.

Our portion is not in the things  
Which worldly men inflame  
With envy, while they strive for power,  
For ease, for wealth, and fame.

But let us patiently expect  
The rising of the ~~dead~~ dead ;  
This is the hope of all the church  
That owns Christ as its head.

CHRISTIAN

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# CHRISTIAN SONGS.

## S O N G I.

**B**LESS'D be the day, fair Charity,  
When, with a SAVIOUR'S name,  
On earth, with blooming grace adorn'd,  
A heav'nly guest you came.

Born of no man, to none on earth  
Thy heav'nly birth thou owes:  
Sprung from thy God, in thy bright charms  
His divine image glows.

True as the object to the glafs,  
With him you wake your fire;  
Frown when he frowns, hate what he hates,  
And what he loves, desire.

On ev'ry chofen human breatt,  
You ftamp, with work divine,  
The form of God, and bid a heav'n  
In ev'ry bofom fhine.

The beggar basking in thy beams,  
Forgets his miferies.  
Hark! lonely widows fing to thee,  
And fhouts from orphans rife.

Happy the man whose fervent breast  
Contains so fair a guest !  
He hath dispers'd, ( his Maker cries )  
And lo, his fame shall laste.

Diffuse thy beams, and teach my heart  
With genial warmth to glow :  
For lo, without thy heav'nly aid,  
In vain my numbers flow.

Could I with elocution speak,  
Transcending human tongue ;  
And could I sing in strains more sweet  
Than ever angel sung :

And did not Charity inspire,  
And raise herself my voice,  
My flowing verse were empty sound,  
“ My eloquence were noise.”

Yea, had I faith to weary racks,  
And pass unhurt thro' flame ;  
And did not Charity inspire,  
My labours were in vain.

'Tis love that plumes the wings of Hope,  
And bids her strength exert ;  
That brings our faith from sound to things,  
From fancy to the heart.

A time shall come, when constant Faith  
And patient Hope shall die ;  
One lost in certainty of sight,  
“ And one dissolv'd in joy.”

But thou shalt laste, when these no more  
Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,  
Or open on his dying eyes  
His long-expected rest.

Thy unextinguish'd ray shall burn  
Thro' death, unchang'd thy frame :  
Thy lamp shall triumph o'er the grave  
With uncorrupted flame.

The divine lover and his spouse  
To rest thy lamp shall light,  
Profuse with heav'nly bliss divine,  
And pregnant with delight.

## S O N G II.

**M**agnificent free Grace, arise,  
Outshine the thoughts of shallow man ;  
Sov'reign, preventing, all surprize  
To him that neither will'd nor ran ;  
Grand as the bosom whence thou flow'd,  
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent,



Rich as the gift that God bestow'd,  
And lovely like the Christ he sent.

Did the imperial law of Death,  
For one man's sin, his whole race doom,  
And all that draw the human breath,  
Tho' sinning not like him, inhume!

Ev'n here the sov'reign sway of Grace  
Shines with superior power to save,  
Than sin to damn, which doom'd the race  
To one wide universal grave.

Sin reign'd to Death ; but over Sin  
And Death, with more imperial sway,  
Grace spreads her more extensive reign,  
And doth eternal life convey.

Grace, by a righteousness, doth reign,  
Wrought in the bloody death of God,  
Where Sin is spoil'd ; so Grace doth reign  
In all the worth of divine blood.

Since Sin first slew the human race,  
An host of daily sins pursues  
Man to a second death ; but Grace  
Steps sov'reign forward, and rescues.

Who counts the sand that bounds the sea,  
Nor half his sins hath number'd o'er :



And, ah ! what millions yet ! But see,  
Grace hath ten thousand mercies more ;

Transcending far Sin's direful throne,  
By one offence that all accurst,  
Divinely Grand as God's dear Son,  
The second man excels the first.

Infinite Grace, how full of God  
In ev'ry work of thine thou glows,  
We see thy wounds, the divine blood,  
Whence life to dying nations flows.

Life more abundant we possess  
O second man ! than *Adam* lost :  
An earthly prospect crown'd his bliss,  
We reigning heav'nly pleasures boast.

And as a God's obedience, *free*,  
And divine blood, excel by far  
Man's *due*, abstaining from one tree ;  
So great's the life thy children share.

We, bowing, sing thy death, so strong  
As all our souls from death defends.  
Shout, ye redeem'd ; for here your song  
Begins, and never never ends.

## S O N G   I I I .

**S** Hall earth-born man with God contend,  
To him his parts display ;  
Hold his dim-beaming reason up,  
And rival his full day ;

Form'd by his hand, why does a bowl  
Against the potter speak ?  
Ask why for baser use design'd,  
Why fitted up to break ?

Did God thy reason frame, to tax  
His attributes divine ;  
Or was it to insure his wrath,  
And make damnation thine ?

Do men presumpt'ous rush on God,  
With guilt deform'd, and foul,  
Ask for that favour they deserve,  
And bid his thunder roll ?

Speak not of worth ; nor cloud his grace,  
But let his mercy shine :  
Mercy's a stranger to thy worth,  
All sov'reign, all divine !

He wills, for why ? because he wills,  
To save the sinking soul :  
Nor can the whole creation's pow'r  
His sov'reign will controul.

Hail ! sov'reign Grace, divinely bright,  
 Beneath whose ample wing,  
 The guilty myriads raise their voice,  
 Th' angelic myriads sing !

Sin's in the picture, but the shade,  
 To make thy features rise  
 In all the charms of God, and shew  
 Th' Almighty to our eyes.

When divine justice threat'ning flames,  
 With un auspicious ray,  
 Thou tak'st the sinner by the hand,  
 And wipe'st his tears away.

For thee a thousand songs await,  
 A thousand ages shine,  
 Start forth to view, and cry aloud,  
 Eternity is thine.

## S O N G    I V.

**P**Raise ye JEHOVAH's love and grace  
 To *Adam's* guilty wretched race ;  
 Sing of this love, the spring and rise  
 Of all his counsels, great and wise.

For all his works, his creatures all,  
 Their being and original

D

Owe to this love ; and there, again,  
They tend, as rivers to the main.

What else is evil but the shade,  
By wisdom in the picture laid,  
To make this grace arise, and shew  
Its brightest glory to our view ?

Our God is love ; his wrath, be sure,  
Is flaming love, that shines most pure ;  
And stands oppos'd, as mid-day light  
To gloomy darkness of the night.

This goodness, as a deep abyfs,  
All working outward, full of blifs,  
Was making for itself a vent  
Well suited to its vast extent ;

By which it might with freedom flow,  
And all its fulness there bestow,  
Where it should have an endless rest.  
God's wisdom here prevents our quest.

What is capacious to receive  
Unbounded love, if bounds it have ?  
Or where is found an object meet  
For grace and mercy infinite ?



Not all the things that could be made,  
A proper match among them had  
For boundless love, that goes not forth  
T' an object limited in worth.

Neither can all created things  
Pass for its fruit; the gift it brings,  
When the intention is to shew,  
By *giving*, all that grace can do.

Nor yet could sin-forgiving grace,  
'Mong all the creatures find a place,  
While all was good, no room could be  
For mercy's aid to misery.

But Love, which is the only god,  
Had always being and abode,  
Whole in each one of loving Three,  
All blest'd in Love's society.

One of these Three, with all his worth,  
To union near with men goes forth;  
So join'd to them, that, in his name,  
A right to all this love they claim.

But, first, they're doom'd for sin to we,  
That for them he might undergo  
Their curse, and so might fully prove  
Th' infinite *jealousy* of Love:



And at the same time manifest  
 Mercy relieving the distressed ;  
 Mercy, all sov'reign, and all free,  
 Saving from boundless misery.

He's unto them the fruit of love,  
 The *gift* that can its greatness prove ;  
 And ev'ry gift that grace bestows  
 Is divine, as from hence it flows.

And he's the *object* ; it goes forth  
 On them perfected in his worth ;  
 All built in him, one mansion meet,  
 Where God's love ever dwells complete.

Let *Wisdom*, therefore, be his name,  
 The spring of wisdom him proclaim ;  
 Call him the *Word* that can express  
 God's goodness all, and fully bless.

Acknowledge him the only Son  
 O' th' Father's love ; in him alone  
 The *Spirit's* fulness all can dwell,  
 Who is our great *Immanuel*.

## S O N G   V.

**F**Ools worship gods who hate not sin,  
 Nor saving power have :

Our God, the living and the true,  
Can both be just and save.

The *just God* and the *Saviour*, is  
His character alone :  
His throne is fix'd in righteousness,  
And Grace reigns on the throne.

Man's life, which in God's favour lies,  
Is stung to death by sin :  
The skill and pow'r which form that life,  
The deadly sting drive in.

That God who wounds, alone can heal  
The mortal wound he gave :  
In Jesus, dead and rais'd, we see  
God's pow'r and skill to save.

Hast thou to buy the just God's grace?  
Or know'st thou what to give?  
First justice slew his only Son,  
Ere Grace could make us live.

Know, then, on no precarious ground  
Stand Grace and Life to men ;  
For Life now reigns in God's dear Son,  
For us by Justice slain.

This is the only true God ; this  
Is life eternal, sure :

Then, little children, keep yourselves  
From ev'ry idol pure.

## S O N G VI. PART I.

**E**Ternal love's the darling song,  
Well-pleasing to JEHOVAH's ear.  
Attend, ye fav'd, ye pardon'd throng,  
With all your grateful harps draw near.

'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date  
Of love divine, and how it moves  
To helpless man, with gladness great.  
Sing loud, for God the song approves.

Hail, *Bethleh'm*! hail! that ruddy morn,  
Whose rays adorn the infant God,  
JEHOVAH of a virgin born,  
Who righteousness and life bestow'd.

For us salvation wide displays  
Her ample all-refreshing wing;  
Safe in the shade, that love we praise,  
And all its peerless glories sing.

We sing the garden and the tree,  
Red with the blood that cries for peace,  
Heav'n echoes back, I'm pleas'd in thee;  
And Wrath to Mercy now gives place.

To this dread object soars our joy,  
 Where all the majesty, and worth,  
 And love of God, without alloy,  
 In brightest splendor ay shine forth.

We sing a note that high prevails,  
 Above the angels free from sin ;  
 Who cannot taste the cure that heals  
 The deadly smart of wrath divine.

As food the hungry soul relieves,  
 As choice perfumes delight the smell ;  
 So Mercy from the cross revives  
 Man sinking in the jaws of hell.

The wonders of Christ's blood arise  
 Bright in the drooping wretch's view :  
 Astonish'd with the dear surprize,  
 His joyful transport who can shew ?

## PART II.

**T**HY love, O Jesus ! is a theme !  
 That never never old shall grow :  
 All ages of the church proclaim  
 How sweetly did its numbers flow.

Down from the birth of infant Time,  
 Thro' *Eve*, *Abra'am*, and *David's* line,



Thy love doth run in strain sublime ;  
 And running with new glories shine :

Till thou wast found a babe, O God !  
 When angels throng'd to join our lay ;  
 Untill thy love, in streams of blood,  
 Did all its wealthy store display.

At thy ascent the spacious heav'n  
 All round re-echo'd with this theme,  
 When from the throne the word was giv'n,  
 " Let all the angels praise his name."

At thy return, eternal fame  
 From all the faints shall sound to thee,  
 On banks of *Eden's* cheering stream,  
 Beneath the life-restoring tree.

### PART III.

**T**HY love makes us count all things loss,  
 To scorn'd poverty gives charms ;  
 Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the cross,  
 And, singing triumph, reach thy arms.

When thy love glows upon the heart,  
 Disgrace forgets her shocking name,  
 Afflictions loss their deadly smart,  
 And Patience smiles amidst the flame ;

Salvation founds from racks and stakes,  
 Hope blunts the sword's devouring edge;  
 Severest torture joy partakes,  
 Of heav'nly bliss the welcome pledge.

Broad heav'n and earth shall sing of thee,  
 And their melodious numbers raise.  
 We'll make thy name remember'd be,  
 Th' eternal centre of all praise.

Sing all ye bright angelic pow'rs;  
 Ye sons of Mercy, praise your King;  
 The burden of the song is yours:  
 Let wide creation chorus sing.

And, O! to join that heav'nly strain,  
 Admit poor us, who say no more,  
 But, *Jesus dy'd, and rose again*;  
 And all our toil for life is o'er.

## S O N G VII.

**D**Escend, fair Hope, (tho' heav'nly born,  
 Thou visit'st human race),  
 And let me in thy sacred glass  
 Survey my Saviour's face.

Let songs for ever crown that morn,  
 When, new to life again,

E

*Immanuel* rose; and sent thee down,  
Full fraught with life to man.

Tho' man, in *Eden*, was of old  
With heav'nly visits blest,  
More happy they to dwell with whom  
Descends this heav'nly guest.

For them a fairer *Eden* shines,  
And on their wond'ring eyes  
The riches of a smiling God  
In larger prospects rise.

Led by thy hand, celestial Hope,  
How oft, at thy desire,  
Has man encounter'd shame and want,  
Nor shrunk to pass thro' fire?

See, gazing on the ample joys  
That wait a happier day,  
How the pale famish'd visage smiles,  
And poverty looks gay.

O happy they whose dying eyes  
By thy blest hands are seal'd!  
In hope of life they sleep, and wake  
To see that hope fulfill'd.

Let others bound their joys, their life,  
In what's to earth confin'd:

Take wings, ye faints, and soar with Hope  
To pleasures more refin'd ;

Where Jesus waits to crown your flight  
With transport in his face,  
And where th' eternal arms unfold  
To meet your dear embrace.

But what is Hope, and what is Faith,  
But fainter stars of night,  
To guide the pilgrim thro' the shade,  
Till dawns the morning light ?

O let that morning-star arise,  
And usher in the day  
With brighter beams ; then paler light  
And shadows fly away.

## S O N G VIII.

**W**Here shall the guilty who has lost  
The divine favour by his sin,  
Find worth, that he can safely trust  
A righteousness to glory in ?

How calm his guilty conscience fears ?

What shall he work, what shall he feel ?  
He wearies heav'n with pray'rs and tears :  
But, ah, ! there's something lacking still.



Behold the cross, the blood divine  
 Which there for sons of wrath was spilt ;  
 Here's worth enough to glory in,  
 Enough to purge the foulest guilt.

When fond experiences are gone,  
 All frames and feelings blown to air,  
 The cross remains your boast alone ;  
 For all your righteousness is there.

Is guilt your burden? from the cross  
 Springs glorious liberty to you.  
 Or would you worldly lusts oppose?  
 The cross victorious stands to view,

Would ye like Jesus shine, when he  
 In glory comes the second time?  
 Mark well his aspect on the tree ;  
 Take up the cross and follow him,

## S O N G IX.

**M**<sup>Elchizedek</sup>, immortal priest,  
 O'er peace and righteousness doth reign,  
 O Most High God, before thy face,  
 And glory fills the bless'd domain,

For now the strife is at an end,  
 'Twixt sinners, righteous God, and thee,

How thou shouldst make the guilty bless'd,  
Yet just and righteous herein be.

To end this strife, God interpos'd,  
His dread and solemn oath : He swore,  
To consecrate th' eternal Son  
Of God a Priest for evermore.

With sacrifice his hand was fill'd,  
In God's own presence to appear,  
With blood divine shed from himself,  
Most precious, and for ever dear.

No more a sinful mortal priest,  
With dying breath for sin atones ;  
Nor stands confessing his own guilt,  
Nor dies, succeeded by his sons.

No more the blood of bulls and goats  
Sprinkles the earthly holy place ;  
No more in tinsel'd glory stands  
A sinful mortal begging grace.

## S O N G X,

**T**O thee, O Jesus ! is my pray'r,  
Who mankind by thy death hast sav'd,  
And to the holiest of all  
A new and living way hast pav'd.

Rescue me from myself, O Lord ;  
     Break Satan's pow'r within my soul ;  
 And let not worldly lusts me rule,  
     But by thy Spirit them controul.

Tho' red as crimson are my sins,  
     Thy blood can make them white as snow :  
 If thou but speak'st the word, then straight  
     My soul shall vanquish'd see its foe.

Most precious Faith thou purchas'd hast,  
     And Love that never fades away,  
 And Hope that soars on swiftest wing,  
     Breathing for everlasting day.

Teach me, thou meek and lowly One,  
     To learn of thee this world to scorn,  
 Thy cross to make my only boast :  
     Humility let me adorn.

Let faith of things not seen as yet,  
     And fear of evils flow but sure,  
 And love of truth, and hope of bliss  
     Unmerited my soul secure.

## S O N G   X I.

**T**Hanks to that Love, which gave us God  
     To bleed to purge our sin,

Who in the worth of his own blood,  
The heav'ns hath enter'd in ;

And to the holiest of all  
Hath consecrate a way,  
To enter thro' the rended vail,  
And grateful worship pay.

Here ends all search, our God to please ;  
We'll work for life no more :  
This blood gives ev'ry conscience ease ;  
'Tis balm for ev'ry fore.

Bless'd be the day that we were taught  
By sov'reign Grace to stand  
In righteousness we have not wrought,  
Nor once touch'd with our hand.

Turn, ev'ry wounded conscience, here  
A bleeding God survey :  
God from the divine sufferer  
Hath turn'd his wrath away.

Here's access to the Father's face  
Thro' Jesus' wounds and blood :  
At the blood-sprinkled throne of Grace  
Adore the living God.



## S O N G XII.

**P**Raise ye JEHOVAH, and the Lamb,  
Who dy'd and yet alive became ;  
Who hath redeem'd us unto God,  
Out of the nations, by his blood :

And raised us from the dunghill,  
To shew his pow'r and sov'reign will,  
And set us up as priests on high,  
'To offer praise eternally ;

And made us reign as kings with God,  
To rule the nations with a rod ;  
For he'll in glory come again,  
'To give the saints the righteous reign,

On earth, where they have lien low,  
Under oppression of the foe,  
Sing forth the glory of his name,  
And his dominion ay proclaim.

## S O N G XIII. P A R T I.

**G**OD's mercies we will ever sing  
And tell the wonders of his grace :  
Eternal love, we'll view thy spring,  
'The marvels of that love rehearse.

For ever hallow'd be thy name,  
Fair Mercy, in the blood of God,  
Sweet to the soul that feels the pain  
Of guilt, th' intolerable load.

Sinners behold a breathless God ;  
For with yon cry his soul is fled :  
View him, by divine wrath pursu'd,  
Till his last drop of blood was shed.

Extol that Grace, ye faints, which gave  
The spotless, holy, and the just,  
To devils rage and to a grave ;  
And mix'd with blood of God the dust.

His soul with dreadful anguish fill'd  
Unutterable torments felt ;  
While his pure conscience, stain'd, defil'd,  
And guilty, made his heart to melt.

What wonder now, if, through thy love,  
Our conscience, purg'd from ev'ry stain,  
Partakes the peace of God, and proves  
In us that Christ dy'd not in vain ?

O Jesus ! now how mercy flows !  
What blotting out of sin is here !  
God to thy wounded conscience shows  
No mercy, till 'tis fully clear

Of all our horrid guilt, made thine ;  
Untill the power of thy love,  
Thro' blameless innocence divine,  
And bloody death, that stain remove.

Mercy was far, dear Lord, from thee ;  
Thy God frown'd on thy parting soul ;  
Ev'n in thy latest agony,  
His wrath into thy heart did roll.

O God ! thy wrath o'erwhelm'd thy Son,  
And pierc'd that soul most dear to thee,  
That we to Mercy's seat might come,  
Crying, *Be merciful to me !*

## P A R T II.

**S**inners of ev'ry tribe, behold  
The price of ev'ry kind of sin,  
God's various wrath and manifold,  
For various guilt met all in him.

What millions sins that death atones !  
When God himself in blood expir'd,  
A whole burnt-offering at once,  
The whole of what our God requir'd.

Let hypocrites behold the man,  
Ev'n in the eye of God, sincere ;

The covetous behold him, than  
The fox have less, or birds of air.

Who hunt for honour and a name,  
See Christ's mock robe, and crown of thorn;  
Whom angels worship, fill'd with shame,  
A mock-king, in contempt and scorn.

Proud self-conceited finner, see  
The humble lowly spirit, and mild:  
Malicious, stand condemn'd, when ye  
See Jesus made a little child.

Lovers of pleasures, hear the cries  
And torments of his soul so great,  
Sorrows, amazements, agonies,  
In anguish dropping bloody sweat.

Backsliders, wonder at this grace,  
And blush to think how Jesus stood  
Unshaken, crying in your place,  
Why hast thou left me, O my God!

He shrunk not in that fatal hour,  
When our accurs'd backslidings all  
O'erwhelm'd his soul replete with love,  
And fill'd his bitter cup with gall.

Mercy, the guilty finner's plea,  
In its Almighty broad extent,



Sweet to our souls for ever be  
The grace that gave that mercy vent.

Mercy's our portion to the end,  
That mercy which the faints do claim;  
Which, how we share, is all explain'd,  
Jesus! when we repeat thy name.

## S O N G XIV.

**W**hen this great world was fram'd of God,  
And earth carv'd out for our abode;  
When all these orbs their course began,  
And in harmonious order ran;

When God had laid the corner-stone,  
And rested in the works he'd done,  
The morning-stars together sang,  
The heav'ns with tuneful echoes rang.

The sons of God a shout did raise,  
To see the fabric speak his praise;  
The pow'rs of fire, of light and air,  
Express'd his godhead ev'ry where.

But chiefly in the corner-stone,  
In man, his image brightest shone:  
A creature fit to take delight  
With him in all his works of might.

But, ah ! this harmony, ere long  
Stopt short.—Sin enter'd, — marr'd the song,  
It first infect'd the corner-head,  
Then quick through all the building spread.

No human skill or pow'rs avail  
This fretting leprosy to heal ;  
No creature's blood, no mortal priest,  
Could purge away the noxious pest.

Dread ruin, loursing from on high,  
With all her bolts of wrath, drew nigh,  
Till that bless'd day, decreed of heav'n,  
When from the dead to us was giv'n,

Our God, in human likeness, made  
More fit the divine works to head,  
Than any being could be found  
In all the wide creation round.

This glorious *Immanuel*  
With wretched us vouchsaf'd to dwell,  
Transferr'd our fretting leprosy,  
And felt its worst malignity.

Shut out from God, and *Israel's* camp,  
His spirit felt a fearful damp :  
Fill'd with our plagues, a loathsome cup  
Was giv'n to him ;—he drank it up.

This draught, invenom'd with the curse,  
Soon left him breathless on the cross ;  
The blood gush'd from his pierced side,  
And first himself it purify'd.

Two guiltless birds were captive led  
To paint this truth ; the one was bled ;  
One dipt in blood, to heav'n let loose :  
That blood restor'd th' unhallow'd house.

When Christ had sprinkled ev'ry stone,  
He, as head-corner, was laid on.  
Thus, of God's temple, ev'ry whit  
Speaks forth his praise in Christ complete.

The whole creation evermore  
Stands now more glorious than before,  
Knit by a corner-stone, through which  
No ill can e'er the building touch.

Ye morning-stars, renew your notes,  
Triumphing o'er all Satan's plots,  
In concert with the church of God,  
Who shew the worth of divine blood.

Sin's but a pause ; put in your song,  
To make the following notes more strong.  
'The Just, the Saviour, shines more bright  
Than in the fire, the air, the light.

## S O N G    X V .

**T**His is the day the first ripe sheaf  
Before the Lord was wav'd ;  
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,  
Was from the dead receiv'd.

In name of all for whom he dy'd,  
That after him they may  
Rise when he comes, a harvest full  
Of life that lasts for ay.

And, as the truth of the first-fruits,  
The Spirit came, this day  
Of that glad feast, a comforter  
With us on earth to stay.

As th' earnest of th' inheritance :  
Ev'n that same heav'nly rest,  
Where Jesus ent'ring, hath from thence  
Us with the first-fruits blest.

Then let us keep the day of rest ;  
Our works for us are done :  
The seventh day Sabbath is no more ;  
The earthly rest is gone.

To th' heavenly rest let's follow him,  
Whose death has pay'd the way ;



And, with the whole creation, groan  
For that redemption-day.

## S O N G XVI.

**T**HY worthiness is all our song,  
O Lamb of God ! for thou wast slain ;  
And by thy blood bought'st us to God,  
Out from each nation, tribe, and tongue ;  
To our God mad'st us kings and priests,  
And we shall reign upon the earth.

Salvation to our God, who shines  
In face of Jesus on the throne,  
The only just and merciful :  
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,  
With loud voice, all the church ascribes ;  
*Amen* say angels round the throne.

To him who lov'd us, and hath wash'd  
Us from our sins in his own blood,  
(And he hath made us kings and priests,  
To his own Father and his God)  
The glory and dominion be  
To him eternally. *Amen !*

## S O N G XVII.

**I**N this one act redemption shines  
In all its parts complete ;

Eternal Love! all thy designs  
Here view'd, at once do meet.

This shews the covenant of peace  
Firm seal'd and ratify'd.

Here opens all that store of grace  
By which we're justify'd.

Here God shines inexorable,  
Spotless: his holy law  
Here vindicate, more honour'd still  
Than ever *Eden* saw.

Great God! did e'er thy justice shine  
With more unfully'd flame,  
As when the Son of God for sin  
A bloody corse became?

When we this broken body see,  
And this shed blood behold;  
Though vile, O holy God! to thee  
Approaching, we are bold.

Hence now, thy throne, firmam'd *of grace*,  
No sinner will affright:  
Thy satiate justice smileth now  
Where all thy wrath did light.

For lo ! th' all-worthy Son of God  
His brethrens flesh put on ;  
And their whole guilt (horrible load !)  
Accounted as his own.

Each sin adopt'd, fill'd his pure soul  
With agonies of shame,  
To purge our souls, most monstrous foul,  
And clear them from all blame.

What anguish must the Father's wrath  
Give such a loving Son !  
The blot of guilt was double death  
To such a foe to sin.

Conscious of all his brethrens sins,  
Before the righteous God  
He groans : his sweat the garden stains  
With crimson show'rs of blood.

God saw our guilt collected meet  
On Jesus in our name ;  
His fury burnt with fervent heat,  
His jealousy did flame.

At once, to shew his vengeance just,  
He summon'd all his wrath ;  
Indignant glory rose ; he curst  
And frown'd the Lord to death.

This spreads our table, fills our cup,  
Salvation without bound!  
The frown is past.—What joy's laid up  
A suff'ring God to crown?

Shall e'er the vilest sinner, clad  
In all that worth, great God!  
Be damn'd? or canst thou e'er forget  
The cry of Jesus' blood?

## S O N G XVIII.

**S**AY, Faith, what think'st thou of thy Lord;  
Know'st thou that visage marr'd and torn?  
My wounded God! Angels, adore  
Your dread Creator crown'd with thorn.

Astonish'd with amazement, ye  
Beheld him in the garden bleed;  
Come, hear him, dying on the tree,  
'Tis finish'd, cry, and bow the head.

step nearer; view these ghastly wounds!  
See how his yerning bowels move!  
See how his breaking heart abounds  
With streaming pledges of his love!

Fair Lord! what are we, that we're lov'd  
Till wrath pour on thee all its storms?



Thou grasp'd us fast in death unmov'd ;  
Nor hell can tear us from thy arms.

Hark! ah! that mournful loud complaint!  
To his forsaking God he cries!  
His horrors shake the earth! lo rent  
The vail! the sun in darkness dies.

Nature, with horror, see thy God,  
Who bade thee be, groan and expire!  
Mourn, sun; at his almighty nod  
Your beams shot first refulgent fire.

Astonish'd earth with trembling shook:  
Rocks dreadful bosoms burst and rend;  
*Gabriel*, and ev'ry angel, stoop'd,  
In holy silence wait the end.

Justice divine! for all we owe,  
Tho' sums immense are multiply'd,  
A broad discharge, blood-seal'd; we'll show:  
'Tis finish'd Jesus said, and dy'd.

## S O N G XIX.

**T**HO' loads of guilt oppress my soul,  
And make me to complain;  
Tho' floods of sorrows on me roll,  
And cause me cry for pain;

Tho' wretched and distress'd I am,  
All darkness and despair;  
And tho' I see myself shut out  
From life, and hell appear;

One ray of light, shot from the sun  
Of righteousness, can warm  
My frozen soul, restore the day,  
And all my fears disarm.

'Tis his to bring reviving warmth,  
Where coldness sat before,  
And usher in the day on those  
Who mourn'd in darkness fore.

I then begin to lift my head,  
And cast my eyes around,  
With joy behold the glorious scenes  
Which in the day abound.

I'm pleas'd, and happy, and lie down  
To bask me in his rays:  
And wish no intervening cloud  
May hide him from my eyes.

## S O N G XX.

**W**hile I my merit all explore,  
To ease my conscience wounded fore;

That fruitless task, thou say'st, give o'er,  
And take up the cross, and follow me.

For in the sinners place I stood  
A spotless sacrifice to God,  
To purge the conscience by my blood ;  
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

The righteousness is fully wrought ;  
The ransom's paid, salvation bought :  
Partake rest to thy soul for nought,  
And take up the cross, and follow me.

When guilt, with agonizing pain,  
Thy conscience wounds, behold me slain ;  
Lo ! I from death am brought again ;  
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

Fear not, o'er hell and death I reign ;  
Your griefs I bear, I feel your pain ;  
Because I live, you life obtain ;  
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

'Twas Jesus spoke ; the thrilling sound  
A balsam was to ev'ry wound ;  
Thy voice' life-giving pow'r I found ;  
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.

A flood of joy, till now unknown,  
O'erwhelm'd my heart, and fill'd my tongue ;

My soul dwelt on that melting song,  
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.

What glory saw I now in him,  
Who shed his blood to purge all sin ;  
Salvation swell'd my soul to brim !  
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.

Now all my hope and treasure lies  
Where Jesus lives, above the skies ;  
O let me ne'er apostatize,  
From bearing the cross, to follow thee.

Till with thy patient saints I sing,  
*Grave ! where's thy vict'ry ? death ! thy sting ?*  
Thou mak'st all conquerors to reign,  
Who take up the cross, and follow thee.

S O N G XXI. PART I.

**Y**E nations hear, 'tis heav'n doth call :  
Ye slaves, ye kings of ev'ry tongue,  
Give ear ; the theme concerns you all ;  
The great salvation is my song.

'Tis not for this or that realm,  
'Tis no such mean contracted scheme ,  
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the Psalm ;  
The common safety is my theme ;



The grand deliv'rance then display'd,  
By God's dear Son, the Prince of peace,  
When rising from the grave, he said  
To his elev'n, with lips of grace :

All hail ! my brethren, peace to you :  
That perfect bliss my Father hath,  
He gives to me, I give to you ;  
For I have turn'd away his wrath.

Your works are finish'd by my hand ;  
Your debt is paid, your sin forgiv'n ;  
And, lo ! I mount yon sky, to stand  
Your ever-faithful friend in heav'n.

Ye see I live, who once was slain :  
Tell all the world the gladsome news,  
That God is reconcil'd to men,  
Barbarians, *Greeks*, as well as *Jews*.

In deserts, towns, to ev'ry kind,  
O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,  
Tell my salvation's not confin'd  
To any rank or sort of men.

Speak boldly in my name to all :  
My word with equal force prevails  
On wise, on fools, on great, on small ;  
The mountains level, raise the vales.

Suspect not how the news will please  
The sons of pride, who make their boast  
Of wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease ;  
Nor think your labour will be lost.

Dream not in all th' apostate race  
A well-disposed heart to find,  
To welcome or improve my grace :  
Hope nothing from the human mind.

The great reward of all my pain  
Stands not on such precarious ground :  
Thus not one soul could life obtain ;  
Thus all my pangs were fruitless found.

## P A R T II. |

**H**E that surveys the heart of man,  
Who testifies 'tis only ill,  
Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,  
On ought depending on his will.

Yet God, in mercy, purpos'd hath,  
And God's salvation standeth sure,  
To bless all nations ; and my death  
Hath made their blessedness secure.

All my redeem'd sure mercies boast :  
For so his will that sent me is,

H

Of all I've giv'n let none be lost ;  
But raise them to eternal bliss.

The glad report, my soul, embrace ;  
The blest'd decree, my soul, adore ;  
Here only all thy comfort place,  
When heart and flesh can aid no more.

Away with that redemption lame,  
That with salvation is not crown'd ;  
I scorn that narrow-bounded scheme ;  
My soul abhors th' insipid found.

How vain that universal grace,  
Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;  
Which leaves the universal race  
Expos'd to universal wo !

The grace of God in Jesus shown,  
Most sure salvation brings along.  
Salvation to our God alone,  
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.

Is any heart so black, so foul,  
Excluded here ? 'Tis surely mine.  
But who's that narrow-hearted soul  
God's common safety dares confine ?

Who dares confine it unto them,  
 Who boast a will dispos'd t' embrace?  
 Who boast a mind of better frame  
 T' improve the influence of his grace?

Who can by merit God prevent?  
 Let him stand forth for recompence:  
 But, Lord, for ever ever grant  
 Preventing grace be my defence.

Be that redemption mine for ay,  
 Which from the dreadful curse doth free;  
 That, with the whole redeem'd I may  
 The praise of all ascribe to thee.

## S O N G XXII.

**H**E that would enter into life,  
 Must first himself deny,  
 As lost in *Adam*, self-destroy'd,  
 And justly doom'd to die.

No pray'rs nor tears can here avail,  
 No working out of merit,  
 No godly thoughts, nor warm desires,  
 Nor tastings of the Spirit.

God says, In my beloved Son  
 I fully am well pleas'd.



The sinner hears, and answers him,  
*Amen* ; my soul is eas'd.

Then love to God in Jesus Christ,  
 Love to his saints, his words,  
 Confirms and proves unfeigned faith,  
 And joyful hope affords.

Thus, Lord, let us thy word believe :  
 Grant us the love of God ;  
 And when our hearts and strength doth fail,  
 With thee be our abode.

## S O N G XXIII.

**F**rom *Jesse's* humble stem shall shoot  
 A glorious branch ; but first lopt off  
 It shall be from its native root,  
 Then for an ensign rais'd aloft.

Upon Mount *Zion* he shall sit ;  
 His voice shall reach remotest lands,  
 At hearing, nations shall submit,  
 And, list'ning, wait his dear commands.

His lips drop wisdom ; righteousness  
 And truth divine, begird his loins ;  
 And with abundant peace he'll bless  
 The happy folk o'er whom he reigns.

No hurtful beasts shall then annoy ;  
All jarring feuds shall melt away :  
The child shall with the viper toy ;  
The lambs with lions frisk and play.

Then he shall set the poor on high,  
And part the righteous from the vile,  
No gloomy storm shall rend the sky,  
But an eternal day shall smile.

Thou, prince, shalt sing in that blest'd age,  
JEHOVAH, I'll thy praise make known :  
Thy word's fulfill'd ; take up thy pledge,  
And claim thy being as thine own :

Because thy wrath against me burn'd,  
My folks sins fiercely to reprove ;  
Because thy wrath away is turn'd,  
And thou hast me solac'd with love.

God my salvation is ; behold,  
And share with me, my ransom'd throng :  
Beyond all fear, I'll now be bold,  
JEHOVAH is my strength and song.

Here let your feasted eyes remain ;  
See ! God is my salvation :  
Now I'm refresh'd from all my pain,  
To see his glory rais'd thereon.

His glorious perfections all,  
So wondrously fumm'd up in love,  
Shall, to my soul, once serv'd with gall,  
An ocean full of pleasure prove.

Ye meek ones, from this fount of bliss,  
That without measure in me dwells,  
Draw now salvation to your wish,  
As from so many living wells.

And ye shall sing in that glad day,  
Praise ye JEHOVAH; let his name,  
Who was, and is, and is for ay,  
Be ever your delightful theme :

And make his works done mightily,  
Among all people to be known ;  
And ever keep in memory,  
His name exalted is alone.

JEHOVAH sing, the man of war,  
Whose right hand hath done valiantly,  
Amazing deeds, excelling far  
The wonders wrought at the *Red* sea :

And this in all the earth is known.  
Rejoice with shouts, O *Zion's* bride ;  
For great is *Israel's* Holy One,  
Within thy courts who doth reside.

## S O N G XXIV.

**L**Et the faints all rejoice and triumph in their king,  
To Jesus with shouting and melody sing :  
For sinners redemption his life's blood he gave,  
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you:  
With confidence trust him ; his words are all true ;  
For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,  
And the faithful, &c.

He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,  
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss :  
To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,  
And the faithful, &c.

How glorious to follow the dear suff'ring God?  
Thro' great tribulation, the path that he trod !  
His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,  
And the faithful true witness did never deceive.

When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,  
He feels these afflictions, and he wipes ev'ry tear :  
Through fire and through water he never will leave,  
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away,  
And his blood is plighted for your life for ay ;



He lives wholly for you, what more can you crave;  
And the faithful, &c.

He promis'd most sure, he comes quickly again,  
And he waits to hear you echo back your *Amen*;  
Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,  
And the faithful, &c.

That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to  
Like his glorious body, he shall raise you up. (hope,  
All shining in glory, redeem'd from the grave;  
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

## S. O N G XXV.

**T**Hou Lion of *Jebudab's* tribe,  
Thou root of *David*, who's like thee!  
'To whom all creatures must ascribe  
Of divine worth th' excellency:  
O Lamb of God! who once wast slain,  
But now appearst amidst the throne,  
From death by thy blood brought again,  
We sing thy worthiness alone:  
Where others fail for want of worth,  
In strength thy glory there shines forth.

Thou only worthy art to take  
The book, and open all its seals,

Because thou slain wast ; for thy sake  
Are all the things that book reveals :  
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,  
From ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,  
Nation and people, unto God,  
As his own portion them among :  
We're consecrated, by thy blood,  
A royal priesthood to our God.

That book foretells a glorious reign  
For us upon the earth with thee,  
When we from death are brought again,  
And nations all shall broken be :  
Thou wilt fulfil whate'er it says,  
Of suff'rings first, of glory then.  
Each event the seal'd book displays,  
And hastens thee to us again,  
To make us reign on earth as kings  
With thee, and ay possess all things.

## S O N G XXVI.

**A** Wake, O *Zion's* daughter ! rise ;  
Shake off thy dust ; no more repine ;  
Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,  
In all thy fairest garments shine.

66 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

Behold thy King, expected long,  
 In humble pomp at length appears ;  
 Amidst yon praising infant-throng  
 His meek majestic head he rears.

No fiery steed he rides ; he sways  
 No tinsel rod of earthly reign :  
 A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys  
 To thee thy lowly Prince divine.

Here's no vain croud, no gaudy show :  
 Babes, taught of heav'n, resound his praise ;  
 His paths the *Galileans* strow  
 With branches of triumphing peace.

With ardent zeal to crown the law,  
 He enters grand ! See there he is !  
 His presence strikes a gen'ral awe ;  
 The wonder circles, Who is this ?

He visits now his Father's house,  
 And shews himself the son and heir ;  
 He frowns away all vile abuse,  
 Smiles on his babes who praise him there.

This first day of the week, he shews  
 A grand prelude of joys to come,

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

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When he should rise, and wide diffuse  
The oil of joy his friends among.

The blind and lame by him reliev'd,  
His saving light and strength proclaim ;  
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd,  
To see his works, and hear his fame.

Hosanna ! thronging myriads shout,  
JEHOVAH brings salvation nigh :  
Hosanna ! ev'ry babe cries out,  
JEHOVAH, send prosperity.

To him, who, in JEHOVAH's name,  
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs :  
Peace reigns in heav'n with ev'ry beam  
Of glory in the highest ones.

Salvation unto *David's* son ;  
All blessing unto *Isr'el's* King :  
His kingdom blessed be alone,  
And blest'd the people of his reign.

To praise the just and saving King,  
How blest'd to be a little child !  
When he in glory comes to reign,  
Then all his babes shall kings be stil'd.



In all the earth how worthy is,  
JEHOVAH, our dear Lord, thy name !  
From infant-lips thou perfect'st praise,  
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame,

## S O N G XXVII.

SEE yonder cross ! come, turn aside,  
And this great sight behold :  
The veh'ment flames of wrath divine  
On Christ the man take hold,

This bush did burn 'midst fiercest flames ;  
Yet unconsum'd it stood :  
The man almighty wrath sustains ;  
For why ? the man was God,

Lifeless a while his body lay,  
To shew the flame was dire ;  
But uncorrupted soon it rose ;  
His body quench'd the fire,

That hour, on all his church unite  
With him, the flame did rush ;  
And not a branch nor twig was burnt,  
For God was in the bush.

Tho' guilt, in all your sufferings, makes  
You brambles for the fire ;

Yet God, in midst of you, preserves  
From all that wrath entire.

Then follow Christ 'midst floods and flames ;  
With him go dauntless through :  
Nor floods, nor flames, repell'd the love  
He gracious bare to you.

Are ye like *Isr'el*, well nigh crush'd  
With burdens, sins, and foes ?  
To clear your path, he'll part the deeps,  
And on your en'mies close.

Shrink not although the furnace burn  
With seven times heated flame ;  
The Son of God will tend you there,  
Who suff'ring overcame.

He quickly comes, from all your pains  
To give you blest'd repose :  
And then, with pow'rful hand, he'll turn  
The flame upon your foes.

## S O N G XXVIII.

**W**hen to my sight thou, God, appears,  
I'm fill'd with sudden fear,  
Thy justice, with uplifted arm,  
O'erwhelms me with despair.

The former signs of grace no more  
Relieve my troubled heart ;  
And past experiences of love  
Are torture to my smart.

What shall I do ? my pray'rs and tears  
Are impious in thy fight :  
I am remov'd from thee as far  
As darkness from the light.

Is there no room for mercy left ?  
Is grace for ever gone ?  
I'll mind the years of thy right hand,  
And wonders thou hast done.

How to be one with sons of men,  
*Immanuel* did not scorn :  
And how from *Mary's* virgin womb  
The holy child was born.

I'll mind the greatness of the love  
Which in his breast did burn,  
When all the wrath of God for sin  
Upon his soul did turn.

Oh! did the Father's dearest Son  
Go mourning to the grave ?  
And did he die for sin, that grace  
Might dying sinners save ?

See from the dead the Prince of life  
 In glory bright appears !  
 No further proof of love I'll seek ;  
 This quiets all my fears.

This stream of light within the cloud  
 Sure token is of grace :  
 Where wrath did frown, see mercy smiles  
 From lovely Jesus' face.

This sign of love my soul relieves ;  
 'Tis ease from all my pain :  
 I will not blush to see thee, God,  
 Because the Lamb was slain.

## S O N G XXIX.

**H**ow sweet's the grace that c'oth appear,  
 In healing sinners stray'd from God !  
 How oft that sight may we behold,  
 Where JAH himself makes his abode !  
 His tender mercies, like himself,  
 Our utmost stretch of thought surpass ;  
 Where we expected wrath and frowns,  
 There he discovereth love and grace,  
 Which shines to us in Jesus' face.

Thus when the youngest son with shame  
 Seeks ways to plead for's father's grace,



His father eyes him yet afar,  
 And meets him with a fond embrace ;  
 His mouth he stops with kindest kifs,  
 With finest robe doth him invest ;  
 His hunger by rich food doth cease,  
 And mirth succeeds, to glad the feast.  
 Thus grace to rebels is exprest.

## S O N G    XXX.

**T**HE death of God, who death o'ercame,  
 Doth fire our love, our lusts destroy ;  
 The praises of the worthy Lamb  
 Our tongues shall ever speak with joy :  
 His blessed merit now doth shine !  
 And we're possess'd of worth divine.

Tho' floods of guilt our souls invade,  
 A wounded conscience pain us sore,  
 We'll say, the ransom's fully paid,  
 And justice can demand no more :  
 Justice and mercy are unite,  
 And our salvation is complete.

In midst of deepest grief we'll sing,  
 For boundless mercy swells the song ;  
 We'll soar aloft on swiftest wing,  
 And join the heav'nly choir among :

This blessed harmony alone  
Holds heav'n and earth in union.

## S O N G XXXI.

**W**hen Jesus shall the second time  
Appear, to judge the man of sin,  
And to reward his faithful saints,  
Whose joyful reign shall then begin,

The separation of the seeds  
Shall then most evident appear :  
No hypocrite shall then lie hid :  
Take heed, for now the time draws near.

As from a rock's stupenduous height,  
The eagle doth her prey descry ;  
She with her young sucks up the blood,  
And where the slain are, there is she :

So when the Lamb, who once was slain,  
And by his blood bought us to God,  
Shall in his glory come again,  
The saints shall flock to his abode.

They then who feasted here below,  
On his broke body and shed blood,  
Shall ever fill'd be with his love,  
And fully see that God is good.

Let us then look and long for him ;  
Say with the church, Come quickly, Lord ;  
To such the righteous crown he'll give,  
As promis'd in his faithful word.

## S O N G XXXII.

**T**HE divine lover, and his spouse,  
Their marriage is a lofty theme,  
Meet only for the heav'nly muse,  
And them fir'd with the divine flame.

They only can the beauties see  
That are display'd in him who chuse,  
Tho' he was God, a man to be,  
That he might seek and find his spouse.

For him, who, in the form of God,  
Had been before the world began,  
And then in flesh made his abode,  
And shew'd himself in form of man,  
No match was found ; but he to have,  
By purchase dear his wish'd-for bride,  
His life for her most freely gave,  
And she came of his pierced side.

Thus *Eve* from sleeping *Adam's* side,  
A comely form was brought to him:

He waking, his own likeness spy'd;  
And, knowing well from whence she came;

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,  
This is, said he, and let her name,  
Deriv'd from mine, serve to express  
Her rise from me another same.

Therefore a man his parents dear  
Shall leave, and unto one remain,  
Join'd as his wife, in bond most near:  
One flesh they are, and no more twain.

A better source Christ, in his death  
Of being to his mate doth prove;  
And rising from the dead, he hath  
Found the fair object of his love.

Where sin and death's deformity  
Had been, behold a living form  
His image shews in purity,  
And beauty, such as could him charm.

From his great father he came forth,  
And left his mother-church of *Jews*,  
To join the church that has her worth  
From him, and cleave to her his spouse.



The name he gave her \* can declare,  
 That she's of him, and with him one  
 In sp'rit divine, ev'n as they share  
 In flesh and blood ; such nearness none.

A firmer band than mingled clay ;  
 A divine tie knits the bless'd pair,  
 In union that shall laste for ay.  
 My soul, in this have thou thy share.

## S O N G XXXIII.

O Jesus ! the glory, the wonder, and love,  
 Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,  
 And fairs, who behold thee not, yet dearly love,  
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory :  
 Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,  
 Who robb'st not JEHOVAH, with him to compare,  
 JEHOVAH glows in his own image ; shines there  
 In visible bodily glory.  
 Worthiness dwells in thee ;  
 Divine excellency,  
 Beauty and majesty,  
 Glory environs thee ;  
 Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,  
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands.

Where ever we view thee, new glories arise :  
 The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,

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\* *Christian.*

Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God near our eyes,  
And in grace and truth shew'd all his glory.  
'Thou spoke to existence the heavens and their hosts,  
Earth and all its fulness, oceans and their coasts;  
Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts  
To crown and adorn thee with glory.  
Worthiness, &c.

But how lovely art thou, when, with infant-cries  
And childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise!  
'Thy loves past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,  
And ravish our hearts with thy glory.  
In thy blessed body on the cursed tree,  
'Thou bar'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd on thee,  
Expiring in blood in our stead; and lo, we  
Exult in thy merit and glory.  
Worthiness, &c.

'Thy blood all divine, from the grave back again,  
Brought thee, King of glory; O thou Lamb that was slain:  
First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour supreme,  
Thy throne is establish'd in glory.  
There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd,  
Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more;  
Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,  
And eternity blaze with thy glory.  
Worthiness, &c.

## S O N G XXXIV.

**S**AY, word of truth, why sin and death  
Among God's works were found?

Why, by a law to sinners giv'n,  
Was sin made to abound?

Why were the highly-favour'd *Jews*  
Abandon'd to fulfill  
The things foretold of Christ, and dare  
The prince of life to kill?

It was that mercy might triumph,  
Where sin before did reign;  
That, in the darkest wickedness,  
The strength of grace might shine.

Why was that nation broken off?  
The *Gentiles* grafted in?  
And they again, like *Jews*, cast off  
By following their sin?

It was to stain the pride of all;  
Pour shame on ev'ry face;  
That all th' elected remnant might  
Indebted stand to grace.

And that they all might be built up,  
Thro' faith, an house for God,  
And grace might shine more bright to them,  
When wrath pursues the proud.

O great the depth! O rich the store  
Of knowledge all divine!

Most perfect wisdom, thro' the whole,  
Surprizingly doth shine !

Who can his judgments deep search out ?  
His awful steps pursue ?

Who *was* to pry into his thoughts,  
When first his plan he drew ?

Who was upon his counsels, when  
His great designs were laid ?

Who hath oblig'd him with a gift ?  
It sure shall be repaid.

For of him, thro' him, all things are,  
And unto him again ;  
To him all glory be ascrib'd,  
For evermore. *Amen.*

## SONG XXXV. PSALM XCII.

**T**O make confession unto JEHOVAH,  
It is a good and comely thing ;  
And thy great name, O thou most High !  
To celebrate in song of praise ;  
Thy tender mercy to proclaim,  
When shines the morning light ;  
With solemn sound, upon ten string'd, on psaltery  
On the harp, thy faithfulness in the nights, -



For thou, JEHOVAH! hast made me glad  
In that wondrous work of thine :  
In the operation of thy hands,  
I will triumph exceedingly.  
Thy works, JEHOVAH! grandly done,  
Thy counsels most profound,  
A stupid man perceives not, and the foolishi  
This grand matter will not understand.

When the impious flourish as the herb,  
And evil doers all spring up, .  
It is to be destroyed for ay.  
But thou, JEHOVAH! art ever high.  
For lo! JEHOVAH, thy foes destroyed,  
All evil doers broke ;  
But thou wilt raise my horn as the unicorn,  
And with green oil I all anointed am.

Mine eye saw on my foes, my ears shall hear  
On wicked that against me rise :  
The just shall flourish as the palm,  
Grow cedar-like in Lebanon.  
In JEHOVAH's house they planted shall  
Flourish in our God's courts ;  
Even in old age, they yet shall fruitful be ;  
They shall be fat, and ever green appear ;  
That upright is JEHOVAH to declare,  
My rock, and no unrighteousness in him.

# CHRISTIAN SONGS.

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## SONG XXXVI. PSALM CXXXIII.

**B**Ehold, how good and how pleasant, in one  
 Are brethren that together dwell !  
 As the good oil upon the head,  
 That was descending on the beard,  
 The beard of *Aaron*, falling down  
 Upon his garments mouth :  
 As *Hermon's* dew descends on *Zion's* mountains,  
 Where bids *JEHOVAH* blest eternal lives.

## SONG XXXVII.

**S**EE Mercy, Mercy, from on high,  
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die ;  
 'Tis mercy free, that knows no bound :  
 How grand, how gladsome is the sound !  
 'Tis grace by righteousness that reigns,  
 Where every Godlike beauty shines ;  
 So leaves no doubt from whence it came,  
 Then grace *divine* we dare it name.  
 First mercy favour'd mortal view ;  
 When God's own son an infant grew ;  
 And in its full perfection shone,  
 When dying Jesus cry'd, '*Tis done* !

L

## CHRISTIAN SONGS.

It triumph'd when from death he rose ;  
And broke the pow'r of all our foes :  
And since he took his seat on high,  
Now mercy reigns eternally.

Grace down in flowers of mercy fell ;  
Refreshing thousands ripe for hell ;  
Who lately fill'd with dev'lish wrath,  
Had doom'd the Lord of heaven to death.

It courts not men of mighty name,  
But visits those o'erwhelm'd with blame ;  
It makes the poorest wretch look gay ;  
And empty sends the rich away !

Let haughty mortals frown and fret :  
Who sovereign boundless mercy hate ;  
Thro' all the mansions of the blest,  
That mercy only is confest.

Untill we join the happy throng,  
Let boundless mercy be our song ;  
And may the mighty God confound  
All those who dare its course to bound.

*Amen*, the holy prophets cry ;  
*Amen*, th' apostles loud reply ;  
*Amen*, thro' all the heavens go round ;  
*Amen*, let us on earth resound.

## S O N G XXXVIII.

I S A I A H xlii. 1—4.

**B**Ehold, my Servant, whom I send  
Down from the pure realms of light;  
My chosen One, my darling Son,  
In whom is fix'd my soul's delight.

My Spirit's fulness ever dwells  
On head of this anointed One;  
By him my judgment and my truth  
To lands remote shall be made known.

He shall not cry, nor lift his voice,  
'Mong crouds to raise the loud alarm:  
He'll shun all strife for kingly pow'r:  
No earthly grandeur shall him charm.

The bruised reed he shall not break,  
His strength in weakness to display:  
His lovely folk shall wear his yoke;  
His gentle rod they will obey.

The smoking flax can ne'er expire,  
For he sustains the hidden flame;  
The sinking sinner he relieves,  
That trusts for life his precious Name.



Yea, many waters cannot quench  
The fire that burns with feeble ray :  
His kingdom's light that dimly shines,  
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.

He judgment unto victory  
Shall bring, to put his foes to shame :  
His brethren then triumphantly  
Shall sing the glories of his name,

Arise, O Lord, victorious come,  
In all thy Father's brightness shine ;  
O come to save thy saints ! and, Lord,  
Begin thine everlasting reign.

## S O N G XXXIX.

**T**HE Love that thought on helpless man,  
Does angels tongues employ :  
The grace that stoop'd to *Adam's* race,  
The heav'ns doth fill with joy.

This, from eternity, was hid  
In divine Wisdom's breast ;  
The grand design of mighty Love  
The church doth manifest.

When we survey that stately dome,  
Where heav'nly beauties shine ;

In wonder lost, we must proclaim  
The architect divine.

The depth's as low as JESUS lay,  
When humbled to the death :  
The height's above all heav'ns with him ;  
All things are far beneath.

All in the heav'ns and on the earth  
The breadth well comprehends ;  
To ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,  
With freedom it extends.

The length from *Adam* to time's end,  
Thro' every age doth reach ;  
The building shews the love of CHRIST,  
Which doth our ken outstretch.

Th' angelic throng with raptures view  
Salvation's structure rise :  
By it God's wisdom manifold  
With wonder strikes our eyes.

From ev'ry tribe and tongue are made  
Materials for the frame ;  
Here ev'ry kind of sinners join ;  
In CHRIST they are the same.

When the head-stone shall be brought forth  
Redemption-work to crown ;

The saints and angels then shall shout,  
*Grace! Grace!* in high renown.

## S O N G   X L.

**J**EHOVAH the name is of our God alone;  
Who was, is, and shall be, and change he knows none,  
In purpose, and promise, and deed he's the same,  
And where he's performing his word there's his name.

He was independent in purpose of grace,  
Before any being besides him had place;  
The source of all beings depending on none;  
I am, that I am, then he dares say alone.

He is independent in that word of grace,  
That makes a distinction among Adam's race,  
He will be for ever performing his word,  
And so shall his name be for ever ador'd.

In JESUS the purpose of grace was sure laid;  
In Jesus declared it is, and full said;  
In Jesus the promise shall surely be done;  
God's name's in the slain Lamb, in midst of the throne.

He's Alph' and Omega, the first and the last;  
Divine grace, and truth all in Jesus stand fast;  
The works of creation all on him depend;  
In him their beginning they have and their end.

And that new creation the church, that's the crown  
Of all the divine works, him ever will own.

Its beginning, and ending, in him it stands sure,  
And leaning all on him, shall ever endure.

## S O N G XLI. P S A L CXXXVII.

**B**Y streams of rivers, broad and strong,  
That strength and pleasure do afford  
To Babel, there we sat among  
The proudest en'mies of our Lord.

But when we Zion call'd to mind,  
With Shiloh's streams that softly go,  
No ease in Babel we could find,  
And from our eyes sad tears did flow.

Our pleasant harps in grief of mind  
We hang'd upon the willows there :  
These instruments were ne'er design'd  
In Babel's consort to have share.

Our captive leaders, when they saw,  
Said, why may ye not here take heart ?  
And sing to us beneath our law ?  
So in our mirth come take a part.

They made us howl, and yet forbade  
Our groans, and mirth required thus,  
Bring of the musick Zion had  
Such part as may best take with us.



In decent uniformity

With ours, and no more from your mouth,  
Complaints of sad calamity,

Nor antique songs to us uncouth.

How shall Jehovah's holy song

Sound from our lips in th' aliens land ?

And songs to Zion that belong

In Babel's comfort be prophan'd ?

Shall this fill Zion's place ? shall we

Take pleasure here and quite forget

Our native land and thoughtless be

Of Zion's former comely state ?

Or shall we never drop a tear

Upon her rubbish and her dust ?

Shall we for Babel's hope or fear

Quite our regard to her most just ?

Jerusalem ! if in this land,

I lose of thee the memory ;

Then, for thy sake let my right hand

In play lose all dexterity.

Yea, unto my mouth's roof let cleave

My tongue, no more to move in song ;

When on my heart I no more have

The rights that unto thee belong.

And if I do not still take care  
To set Jerusalem above  
The head of all my joy, that there  
Its joy and crown she still may prove.

As Zion rises, so high flow  
My joy, but still beneath that crown,  
And as she is depress'd, fall low,  
And underneath be thou prest down.

Remember, in Jerus'lem's day,  
His children, Lord, who did despise  
His birth-right, and gave it away  
For morsel that might him suffice.

These could not bear subjection  
To Zion's laws and yoke most just ;  
That carnal generation,  
Said, raze it, raze it, to the dust.

Daughter of Babel, painted whore,  
On many waters set in state ;  
Thou think'st not (for thou art secure)  
Of him that brings thy dreadful fate.

Blessings upon that righteous one,  
The Lord's anointed Cyrus true ;  
Who, as thou unto us hast done,  
Comes to reward thee quickly now.

Yea, blessings on him ; for he'll take  
 The younger harlots by thy side,  
 And them in pieces, for our sake,  
 Dash shall the rock where we confide.

## S O N G XLII. P S A L. CX.

**J**ehovah to my Lord hath said,  
 At my right hand sit thou and wait ;  
 Till I beneath thy feet have laid,  
 Thy footstool, all that do thee hate.

From Zion forth Jehovah sends  
 The scepter of thy sov'reign pow'r ;  
 As far as thy foes pow'r extends  
 In midst of them be governor.

Thy folk, as offerings of free will,  
 In that day of thy pow'rful call,  
 The heav'nly holy place shall fill ;  
 Thy pow'r on them as dew shall fall.

The dew of thy nativity,  
 That from the womb upon thee lay,  
 Is all with thee since thou rose high,  
 In morning of that mighty day.

Jehovah gave his solemn oath,  
 And as his being it must stand ;

His word and oath, unshaken both,  
Unshaken faith, and hope command.

Thou art a priest for evermore,  
After the order of that Type,  
Melchizeleck ; none him before,  
Nor after, could his station keep.

The Lord at thy right hand shall kill  
Great kings, in that day of his ire ;  
He'll judge the nations, and them fill  
With bodies heap'd in slaughter dire.

To *Antichrist*, head o'er much land,  
He then shall reach the deadly blow ;  
That dreadful pow'r shall not withstand  
The much more dreadful overthrow.

He shall drink up his peoples part  
Of that fierce torrent in his way ;  
And leave the rest, to fill the heart  
Of all his foes with wrath for ay.

Therefore he shall lift up the head  
Above all things in glory great ;  
To raise his people and down tread,  
In endless death, all that him hate.



CHRISTIAN SONGS.

SONG XLIII.

THERE's no name among men,  
Nor angels so bright  
As the name of Jesus ;

The Fathers delight.

The joy of his children,  
They list out this name,  
And sweetly its praises  
Soon learn to proclaim.

The wonder of angels,  
Their choir sound it high ;  
The terror of devils,  
Far from it they fly.

It's great through the whole earth,  
And highly esteem'd,  
As ointment forth poured,  
Among the redeem'd.

The serpent's seed hate it,  
While yet it's their fear ;  
By their spite against it  
It shines the more clear.

In all gospel churches  
This name is ador'd,

As their shield and glory,  
With chearful accord ;

And there it's declared  
The help of distress'd,  
The hope of the hopeless  
And ease of oppress'd.

The church of the first born,  
With angels of light,  
Shall found forth its praises  
In endless delight ;

But fully unfolded  
It could be by none  
But Jesus amongst them,  
Who knew it alone.

## S O N G XLIV.

**W**HAT is our life in this vain world ?  
At best but as a taper  
That shines away. We blaze a while,  
And vanish like a vapour.

Vain are our cares, as vain our hopes,  
And boastings of to-morrow :  
We mind not that, through sin, we're born,  
To trouble and to sorrow.

The breath of life is still expos'd  
To many thousand dangers ;  
And death is sure. The case know well,  
Nor to the cure be strangers.

Incline the ear and come to me :  
Your souls shall live in hearing.  
Your life is hid with me in God,  
Reserv'd to my appearing.

Fear not, I am that living One,  
Who unsting'd death by dying :  
Take up your cross, relieve the poor,  
Me follow, self-denying.

For see, I live for evermore,  
From death's hand to receive you,  
To reign in endless life with me :  
My word shall ne'er deceive you.

Then, death, where is thy sting? O grave!  
Where is thy mighty conquest?  
Thy sting is sin ; its strength the law :  
The cross thy pow'r hath vanquish'd.

Our souls to thee we do commend,  
Lord of the dead and living :  
In life and death we'll cleave to thee ;  
None perish thee believing.

## S O N G XLV.

'**M**IDST wasting pains for many days,  
I saw thee death's dark vale descend;  
The great good Shepherd, kind always,  
Thy heart from terror did defend.

Thy heart at breaking gleam'd delight,  
Henceforth, thy sun shall ne'er go down;  
The Lord's thy everlasting light,  
Thy God thy never-fading crown.

O let that tender kindness still  
Me from all threatening dangers free;  
So my vain life, by God's good will,  
An happy end, like thine, may see.

No more shall sin and death annoy,  
No fear suggest a secret groan;  
The Lord's thy everlasting joy,  
Thy mourning days for ever gone.

## S O N G XLVI.

**W**Rapt in the shades of death, no more  
That friendly face I see;  
Empty, ah! empty every place,  
Once so well fill'd by thee.



What made thy comely presence dear,  
 My heart with sorrow swells ;  
 Yet what endear'd thee, most entire  
 With us for ever dwells.

The truth divine did live in thee ;  
 That truth shall never die ;  
 What breath'd sweet odour from thy lips,  
 Embalms thy memory.

He dwells in God who dwells in love ;  
 Yet echoes round thy grave,  
 Blest they, who thee, eternal God !  
 Their habitation have.

There's room for us, we'll mourn in hope,  
 Lament with thankful voice ;  
 Lo ! quickly comes the Lord, to give  
 His church unfadden'd joys.

## S O N G XLVII.

**A**S streams, ambitious to be lost,  
 Push forward to the sea ;  
 So runs thy narrow span of life,  
 To meet eternity.

The weary springs of life grown dull,  
 Their painful task give o'er ;

Silence fits hov'ring on thy lip,  
And bids thee be no more.

Who would in life repose his blifs,  
So subject to decay ;  
Ready with wings, at ev'ry step,  
To start and fly away ?

Say, faint, what raptures swell'd your soul,  
When on your closing eyes  
Heav'n dawn'd, and boundless love and grace  
Bade joys on joys arise ?

How did thy bosom pant for death,  
Thy Saviour to enjoy ?  
How oft's that name made pain to smile,  
And sickness bloom with joy ?

Jesus ! thy name can smoothe the face  
Of death with sweetest song ;  
Thy love in gloomy silence forms  
A chorus from the tomb.

Methinks I see thy quiv'ring soul,  
Just started from the clay,  
Mount heav'n with wings, and Jesus' face,  
His form, his wounds survey ;

Amazing love o'erwhelms your soul,  
And, O my God ! you cry :

Thy Saviour smiles, and wipes the tear  
Just starting from your eye.

Nor need you blush before your God,  
Tho' stripp'd of ev'ry sense,  
With divine merit cloth'd, and safe  
Beside Omnipotence.

The naked soul beneath this worth  
Shall find new organs rise;  
By this new joys, in Jesus' form,  
Shall feast your ravish'd eyes.

Thy God, thy maker, on thee smiles  
With mercy's sweetest beams;  
Say, can thy infant heart-contain  
Such new transporting scenes?

O lov'd of God! such rapt'rous thoughts  
Transcend a mortal's theme:  
Say, are such joys for man prepar'd,  
Or is it all a dream?

How oft in racks, in fire, and death,  
Have faithful christians fought  
That bliss you now enjoy, nor seem'd  
The prize too dearly bought?

Thy endless life depends no more  
On time, or fleeting years:

No grief is blended with thy bliss ;  
Thy joys admit no tears.

Nor need you grudge the years you've left,  
Or hopes of flatt'ring time :  
See future ages rise ; and round  
Eternity is thine.

No thought can add unto your bliss,  
No wish your joys prolong :  
Sickness no more, nor fev'rish pains,  
Shall interrupt your song.

O brethren ! let this darling theme  
From mouths like yours resound ;  
Nor thing the labour lost, t' have sung  
A soul with Jesus join'd.

## S O N G XLVIII.

**A**S billows roll to meet their fate,  
And break upon the shore ;  
So rolls that billow, human life,  
So breaks, and is no more.

Hush'd in the grave, life's busy dream  
Disturbs no more thy breast :  
There empty glitt'ring joys no more  
Conspire to thwart thy rest,



Nor sin, nor future cares, invade  
That land of long repose,  
Where rest and mortals meet at last,  
And are no longer foes.

Calm is the deep, and smooth the sea,  
When hush'd from ev'ry breeze;  
So calm the mind, so smooth the soul,  
When ruffling passions cease.

Stretch'd in the grave, our last retreat,  
You view at distance there  
The vain pursuits of busy man,  
And smile at human care.

Bless'd be the grave whose earth contains  
What's dear to Jesus' breast:  
Let ev'ry soul whom Jesus warms  
Pronounce the relics blest.

A time shall come, when life shall yet  
Inform this mould'ring clay,  
And these clos'd eyes shall yet awake,  
And Jesus' form survey.

The dead to flatter, would be vain,  
Or speak in praise of dust:  
For that is all that's found of man,  
Or human pride at last,

'Tis not my task, with flatt'ring tongue,  
Thy virtues to commend :  
The man whom never spot deform'd,  
Was never Jesus' friend.

Heav'n, in rewarding Jesus' worth,  
Thy merits shall unfold.  
Enough—for thee, that Jesus dy'd ;  
And so thy bell is toll'd.

## S O N G XLIX.

**B**less'd in the mansions of thy God,  
Thy tongue no more complains  
Of distance from thy Saviour's arms,  
Of sickness, or of pains.

Another theme employs that voice,  
A theme that pleases God ;  
The divine excellence and worth,  
O Jesus ! of thy blood.

For ever blest th' all-bounteous God,  
Who sent his only Son  
To work a righteousness divine  
For sinners who had none.

'Tis this that smoothes the paths of death,  
And calms the dying soul ;

'Twas broadly viewing this that taught  
Thy lips in death to smile.

What tho' like flow'rs nipt in their bloom,  
Was thy untimely fate?

'Tis what we once must undergo,  
And waits us soon or late.

Ev'n he who sings thy praise, whose soul  
Now melts in mournful lays,  
From other men shall shortly want  
That generous tear \* he pays.

Yet never shall he grudge the change,  
While that same purity,  
And divine worth, can join his soul  
To Jesus and to thee.

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That tear \* I pay. With thy last breath  
In death I heard thee sing :  
Short was thy song ; but how sublime !  
O death ! where is thy sting ?

### S O N G L.

**A**LL hail ! to thee divinely blest,  
Among the heav'nly throng,  
Partaking of thy Saviour's smiles,  
And joining in the song.

All praise and thanks unto the Lamb,  
That bought us with his blood,  
And without fault presented hath  
Before the throne of God.

A crown of life adorns your head ;  
You dwell with endless joy :  
Continual raptures fire your breast,  
Bliss that knows no alloy.

Life's idle dream you have slept out ;  
Its cares are past away,  
Which prey upon the mortal mind,  
Renewing ev'ry day.

You wak'd, and found yourself convey'd  
To lands of lasting peace ;  
And the first object struck your eye  
Was the dear Saviour's face.

Prostrate you fell before the throne,  
And, full of transport, cry'd,  
These are the triumphs of thy grace,  
Jesus ! for thou hast dy'd.

## S O N G    L I.

*The reproach of Christ, his Church's glory.*

**T**HE victim's flesh without the camp  
Was burnt, as stain'd with sin ;



Whose blood was for atonement brought  
The holy place within.

So Christ, that by his blood he might  
His people sanctify,  
Loaded with guilt, without the gate,  
Was led to groan and die.

Tho' his pure heart, when tempted much,  
Ne'er lodg'd an impious thought ;  
Yet sov'reign grace the sins of all  
His people on him brought.

The earthly church, tho' ill they meant,  
Did yet conspire to shew,  
By loading him with heinous crimes,  
He was the victim true.

With crimes their own, not his, they did  
The Just One vilify ;  
With felons vile they led him forth,  
A felon's death to die.

Thus the reproaches of our crimes  
Against the Highest done,  
Not whence they came, fell back ; —but fell  
All on the Holy One.

But shall we, dare we, join his foes,  
By lowering our esteem

Of him, because he stoop'd so low,  
Such wretches to redeem?

Nay, rather let us leave the camp,  
And unto him go forth,  
Bearing our honour, his reproach,  
And glory in his worth.

Because the sov'reign judge of worth  
Hath put the highest price  
On his abasement, and hath made  
Him Lord of Paradise.

Deign'd he to come so nigh to us,  
As not to count it shame,  
To call us brethren? Should we blush  
At ought that bears his name?

Nay, let us boast in his reproach,  
And glory in his Cross:  
When he appears, one smile from him  
Will far oe'rpay our loss.

## S O N G LII.

**W**Hen I, a sinner, think on death,  
It yields me great relief,  
That Christ endur'd the cross, and died  
For sinners, ev'n the chief.

And that he rose and comes again,  
Fraught full of life and pow'r,  
To raise our bodies, that they may  
Corruption see no more.

But I am puzzl'd still to think,  
When all its members die,  
That this their spirit, separate,  
Should either live or be.

Since my soul's life consists in thought;  
How farther can I think,  
When all my instruments of thought  
Are utterly extinct?

Fear not, faith Jesus, follow me,  
Who past that state before you;  
The glory round my body bright,  
A cloathing shall restore you.

Your sp'rit departing trust to me,  
And to my care commend:  
Death's keys I have; and from its sting,  
I can your soul defend.

When this your house of earth's dissolv'd,  
You shall not naked be;  
The house eternal in the Heav'ns  
Shall cover you with me.

Abundant entrance I'll give you  
Into my kingdom blest'd,  
There present to abide with me,  
Of heavenly house possess'd,

Think how the moon's opacous globe,  
And how the Planets bright  
A being claim among the orbs  
That minister the light.

Do they not shine, by dwelling in  
The bright the living rays,  
Which that refulgent orb, the Sun,  
Thro' all the world displays.

So you by me, the fount of light,  
The Sun of Righteousness,  
As lesser lights, with borrow'd rays,  
Shall shine in holiness.

Our body's absence is no loss :  
For, faith his faithful word,  
Far happier shall we be, supply'd  
By presence with the Lord.

Our mortal shall be cloath'd upon  
With immortality ;  
Mortality is swallow'd up  
Of life eternally.



And in due time, when loos'd from death,  
Our bodies also shall

Within these mansions, near the Lord,  
Reside thro' ages all,

When in this house, then let us groan,  
With Christ far best to stay ;

That if we live or if we die,  
'The Lord's we may be ay.

F I N I S.



